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### SELECT TALES.

FOR THE ARIEL.

#### THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

The hospitable doors are open thrown;  
The bright wood fire burns cheerly in the hall;  
And gathering in, a busy hum makes known  
The spirit of free mirth that moves them all.

TOKEN.

I had amused myself all day with books and writing—writing and books—until I was weary of them both. I was dosing in my chair, half dreaming of the delights of a good bed, when my friend Edward T. aroused me by exclaiming “I wonder if there is any thing for you at the post office, Peyton! you know you are expecting a letter from the west.” “I don’t know,” replied I, rather peevishly, “if there is, some one besides me may go for it; don’t you see how it storms!” “Why, yes; but news from the west you know.” “Humph! well, I suppose I must fight the north wester for the sake of a letter.” You will readily conceive that it is not very pleasant to sally out from a comfortable fire side, to brave the fury of a north east snow storm, although but for a few moments. So after sundry yawns and groanings, and uttering some pertinent ejaculations, I started for the post office. “A letter from—from Fanny,” said I to Edward as I broke the seal of a letter post marked “W—Dec. 19, 182—.” It was a long expected invitation to the wedding of my buxom cousin Fanny—a rosy cheeked farmer’s daughter, who was to ‘transport to regions of bliss,’ the son of another farmer, by giving him her hand and heart. I immediately gave Edward information of the fact, and it was soon settled that he should accompany me to the wedding. That night my dreams transported me to the animating scene of a wedding in the country. Reader, were you ever at a wedding? I mean “a real, right down country wedding,” where all the neighborhood are invited, and where they all come, where mountains of cake are destroyed, and but little wine, for this most cogent reason, that stronger liquors are to be had. If you have attended such a party and seen all its indescribable minutia, you may perhaps turn away with contempt from this faint sketch. But if you have not, it may serve to amuse you for a few moments.

It is said that there is more pleasure in imagination than reality. However willing I may be to admit the general truth of this remark, it was not verified in this instance—but to proceed with my story—we contrived our journey so that we should arrive at the scene of action on the afternoon preceding the wedding. It was nearly dark before our arrival, so leaving our horse at a neighboring tavern, we

started for the family mansion just at nightfall. It was a fine freezing frosty night. The moon beams dancing on the surface of the snow, almost dazzled the eyes—the brilliant stars ‘were hung in all their glittering brightness’ on the unclouded bosom of the heavens—and there was a rushing in the frosty air as of the whispering of a soft wind among autumnal leaves. In fact it was just such an evening as a poet would delight to describe, but which I—proser as I am—cannot. We perceived from the number of ‘sleaghs’ standing about the building, that it was to be a real old fashioned wedding. As we approached, we could hear the sound of merry voices, and distinguish forms in different parts of the house, passing to and fro, from before the windows. We made no stir on our arrival, but quietly walked into the kitchen to observe what was going on, without being noticed. I was, however, soon recognised, and the news sprad like wild fire that ‘Peyton had now come.’ Being ushered into the ‘company room,’ my hand was instantly seized by my happy cousin, and I was overwhelmed by the congratulations and joyful exclamations of all. Fanny said she “waa so glad to see me; she was so afraid I should’nt come,” but said she, “now you *have* come, you are not to stand upon ceremony, but be cousin Peyton again.” All this time my friend had stood motionless, unnoticed by any of the company. As soon as I could thrust in a word, I begged leave to introduce to the bride elect, my friend Mr. Edward R. The noise was immediately hushed and the company were all ceremony. The introductions, with all their accompaniments of bowing and scraping, being despatched, we were in a short time all intimacy with the company. Plate after plate full of cake disappeared, with a rapidity truly astonishing. At the announcement of the arrival of ‘the minister,’ silence reigned, and expectation was on tiptoe. ‘In the best room,’ with their backs to the wall stood bride and bridegroom side by side, and on either side were the bridesmaid and groomsman. The ceremony proceeded, the bridesmaid and groomsman bowing regularly to the questions put to the principal parties, not doubting but that was a part of their business. The marriage over, and the subsequent bustle somewhat stilled, cake and liquors were again plenty for a season—then with one consent they adjourned to the *Hall*, as was termed, which I found was prepared for a dance; a country dance being announced, the floor was soon full. The woolly headed negro, after divers scrapes and preparations which would have done honor to an amateur violin player, commenced, and tugged away manfully at his

fiddle; “suited the action to the word,” and drawing the bow from head to heel, heel to head at every stroke. The girls danced with all their might, seeming to strive which should jump the highest, and display the greatest agility. After the dance was over, as I sat upon a window seat, chatting and talking over old times with some of my acquaintances, a crash was heard below that brought every one in the room to their feet; the noise was followed by the laugh of some half dozen voices from the street. The men immediately rushed down stairs, leaving their partners in a most impolite and ungallant manner, to take care of themselves. Upon reaching the room below, no one was to be seen; but the windows were found in a very dilapidated state, and the floor covered with snow and ice and broken glass. After some little investigation it was discovered that a number of young fellows in the neighborhood, who were not invited to the wedding, had taken the omission in high dudgeon, and that they had taken this method to rent their anger on the ‘wedeners,’ and give them a fright. It was judged prudent by some of the wiser heads, to keep a look out the remainder of the evening, as probably the young sausies would not be contented with what little mischief they had already done—and the event proved they were in the right. We returned to the Ball-room, and the cause of the disturbance soon explained to the ladies. All again was good humor and gaiety; the black fiddler relaxed none of his exertions; neither did the energies of the company seem to abate. We had no “new cotillions brent new frae France,” but real social country dances, “down the middle and up again.” I overheard one of the swains say ‘the girls dance ferociously,’ and never was any thing better expressed—both beaux and belles danced as if for their very lives. Instead of being fatigued, their animation seemed to increase. Cato, who had been plied with frequent potations of ‘old cogniac,’ redoubled efforts, and brought forth sounds from his instrument, which might be heard a mile on a calm evening like this. In the midst of a most intricate figure, when we were all attention, and no little confusion prevailed in the ranks, a noise was again heard below stairs, as of many voices. The dance was stopped, and all stood for a moment in breathless silence; then there was a rush for the door.

The girls I noticed, raised the windows, from whence they could take an observation of what was passing below. I, having inherited a due share of curiosity from our mother Eve, followed the dancers to see what was the cause of the disturbance. It appeared that the non invi-

ted party, who had so foolishly destroyed the windows the early part of the evening, had returned to renew their nocturnal exploits, when they were unexpectedly met by those of our party who were on the look-out for them. They at first attempted to run, but finding they could not escape, made some show of fight, when our party being the strongest, gave them a hearty drubbing, which they would not be likely to forget in a hurry; tied their hands behind them, put a little wholesome snow down their backs, and in their pockets, and then set their faces homeward. They did not wait for a kick, but immediately made what use of their legs they were able.

All disturbances being now quelled, the party returned and kept up their rejoicings till two hours after midnight; when all things being in readiness, the gay revellers drove up to the door, and the men and girls paired off into their separate vehicles. It was a cheering sight to see some twenty sleighs or more move away from the door, with their happy loads; the bells (with which the horses were well furnished) ringing along the snow-clad fields in the clear frosty air of a winter's night.

It was a sight worth looking at. Not a cloud floated beneath the sky; but the stars and the moon shone with a brilliancy I seldom witness, and sent a flickering and sparkling light along the surface of the snow, and bathed the woods and hills in purest ether light.

—“No song of birds,  
Warbling to fill the air with melody,  
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath  
The very soul of music in her looks—  
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.”

I was drawn from my musings by the enquiry of our friends, if “we would spend the night with them?” Although we were pressed by the kind family to stay, we thought best to return to our tavern in order to be ready for an early start. So, bright and early we were on the wing for home, where we arrived late the same evening, with the wish in our hearts, that our friends in the country would marry often, and invite us to their weddings.

G. P. M.

#### FOR THE ARIEL. THE GAMBLER.

The finished Gambler has no heart. The companions with whom he herds would meet, tho' it were an apartment in the charnel-house. He would play upon his brother's coffin; he would play by his father's sepulchre. DR. NORR.

Moralists have preached;—men have reasoned, and Poets have touched the saddest chords of the harp on this deadly vice. But the sermon of the moralist has passed—men's arguments have been forgotten; and the darkest pictures of the Poet have but faintly shadowed forth the reality. It is a vortex of guilt in the ocean of existence;—the unfathomable maelstrom of misery, from which he who has once approached rarely returns;—the urging waves of despair impel him on; he is driven by the fatality which clings around him, poisoning the fountain of his honor and affection, till his oath is considered a fable, and his dream of love is become a bitterness to his spirit. A shadow rests upon his intoxicated brain; it clouds the eye which should look within upon his wavering and corrupted heart;—he bends his ear to the illusive song of the syren, until he falls at last into the forgetfulness of the grave.

“Come,” said I to my friend Angelo Hammond, “let us take a promenade in the square of the State House; it appears

to be the resort of Beauty; there are crowds flocking in as you may see through the trees yonder, at Walnut-street gate; shall we not go? We have no opportunity like this but once in the week; for the ladies, dear souls, must, as Byron says “take their weekly gulp of air; and the gentlemen gallants, who belong to the *beau monde*, must accompany them.”

It was May, in the year 182—. It had been a rainy Sunday; but the clouds had passed, and as they rolled away beyond the Delaware, over the Jersey woodlands, a beautiful rainbow had spread its many-colored arch in bright relief against their dark bosoms and feathery tops, and the landscape had burst into a smile. We stood near the corner of the square, looking down Sixth-st. The rain-drops shone like diamonds on the fresh leaves of the venerable trees which surrounded the walks, and were lit up into beauty by the declining sun. “Come,” I repeated; “I venture to guess that Adela Graham is already there with her brother George; she loves exercise; and you know it has been her wont to walk there with you.—You can take George's place, and he and I will take a turn together, leaving you to enjoy your angel-visit. You surely will drop your long face, and thank me for this suggestion.”

Hammond was sad and silent. Some hidden affliction seemed to have destroyed his wonted spirits, and it was in vain that I strove to render him cheerful. We had been early friends; had swum in, and skated upon, the same stream in summer and winter—studied in the same school; we were classmates together, and came in the same coach from college. But for a few months past all seemed changed.—He was still my friend; but his countenance seemed, often, when he would attempt to be gay, to belie his heart. I sought the cause in vain. It could not, I thought, be any thing like disappointment in his early affection; he loved Adela Graham—he was beloved in return. She idolized him; and they seemed blest in each other's regard and tenderness. How often have I marked her pensive blue eye swim in tears of delight, as I told her of the ardor of his expressions of attachment to her, which he had made to his friends. But now, the mention of her seemed not to move him: and all my attempts at railery did not provoke a smile.

“Will you do me a favor, Peyton?” at length said Hammond; “For a little matter I wish to try you. This night I leave Philadelphia. Where I shall go, Heaven only knows; what will be my fate, Heaven only can tell. We talked of departing for England and France in August. This must be relinquished. Would to God my heart would permit me to explain; to describe my misery for the past three months! But it will not. Remember, I have loved you, Peyton; I have been honorable to you; we have been like treasures to each other, and I shall never forget you.” He drew a letter from his bosom.—“Will you give this to Adela Graham to-night—*now*? It is my last request. Give me your hand, my friend—you have been my confidant and companion from childhood up. We may meet again; we may not; but never until—” Here he paused; a tear was in his eye: he pressed my hand long and ardently, and drawing his summer-cap over his brow, turned again into Chesnut-st. He waved his hand with a lingering look, and passed from my sight.

I entered the square pondering and thoughtful; in the expressive language of scripture, “sorrowing most of all that I

should see his face no more.” Numberless beautiful faces and bright eyes passed me by—and at last I met my friend Graham, with his cousin and sister. At my request Adela placed her arm in mine.—I was silent during our walk about Angelo; but found an opportunity as we ascended the steps to her father's house, to present her the letter. Sad from sympathy, and dull from intense curiosity respecting my friend, I hastened homeward and sought repose; but my sleep was feverish and disturbed.

The next morning all was developed. Hammond had become a GAMESTER, he had neglected his office—his clients had abandoned him—his books had been sold. He had drawn from his coffers large sums at once, until all was gone,—and with a loan from his father, he had left for England. His letter to Adela Graham, as I learnt from her brother, portrayed all the circumstances in a feeling and repentant manner. I hurried to Chesnut-st. wharf with the hope of seeing him; but the ship had weighed anchor, and her topsails could be seen sweeping around the majestic bend of the Delaware, and careering swiftly onward, she soon faded from my sight.

It was in August following that I left America for England. My preparations had been made, and my enthusiasm for a long time excited; and with some business compelling me, I was resolved to go. A deep regret came over my spirit as I reflected that Angelo was not with me; that I crossed the mysterious ocean with no congenial friend. How often had we sat in our room at H—, with the window open which looked out upon the summer landscape, and discoursed of the pleasures we would share together in foreign climes! But I was not disappointed. There was too much enjoyment to be realized. Had it been, the reality could not have been so bright as our ardent fancies colored it. As I sailed down the Delaware, and watched the receding spire of Christ church, and the towers and sails of the city and its bay, it seemed as if existence had reached that point,

To which fate nothing brighter or darker can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting.

Two years had passed, and I had visited Europe. I had sailed upon the turbid Thames—had looked forth upon the vast infinity of London from the dome of St. Paul's and the heights of Highgate; wept the tears of an enthusiast in the cloistered halls of Westminster, and laughed perforce as I trod the gay streets of Paris, and looked with a dazzled eye upon the splendours of the Palais Royal, and the lightsome crowd of the Boulevards. Romantic Switzerland, and the paradise of Italy, I had passed quickly over; my wavering sail had wafted me along the blue lake of Geneva, and I had listened in the voluptuous eventide of an Italian sky, to the love-breathing lute of some fair Florentine on the banks of the Arno. My business was all despatched, and my passage to America secured by a friend in Liverpool, while I was in London.

It was a pleasant though cloudy night-fall in the early part of September, when the crowded coach which had borne me from London, approached the suburbs of Liverpool. The air was mild and pleasant; and through the blue haze of twilight I could observe the town, and beyond the Mersey and the shipping. My place was outside; I had regarded the varied landscape, and watched the changing hues of sunset fade on the far mountains of Wales with a sweet emotion; the thoughts of re-



turning home inspired me; and I felt glad when the rumbling vehicle stopped at the Swan-inn, St. George's Road. My luggage had arrived, was already on board the vessel, and after tea I sallied out to take a view of the city in the hour of evening.

I wandered unconsciously from street to street, until I became bewildered, and knew not in which direction I was moving. I at length reached a square, along which I proceeded, and inquired of a ragged sailor whom I met, the name of the street. "Play-house Square," was the reply. I soon repented of my indiscretion in continuing further. On all sides were crowds of the most dissolute and wretched of human beings. Language the most profane and vulgar assailed my ears; fish-women, and the loose victims of illicit love, were thronging the pavement;—huge negroes crying Falmouth oysters, while drunken tars were reeling along with their more intoxicated female companions; and looking down the dim line of lamps, I thought I could observe, through a long poorly-lighted court at the foot of the square, an entrance to the quay. In the cellars down which I glanced, there were groups of beggarly objects of both sexes, giving loose to drink, music and dancing. I stopped as I approached a dice-player who sat by the side of his little table, which was covered with figured oil-cloth by the way side, and who was calling loudly for a bid upon the passers by. The voice was familiar; and my memory seemed to have something like his countenance impressed upon it. His face was pale and haggard, yet noble and interesting; but his dress indicated utter wretchedness. A bold, unseemly wanton had just left the table, over which a lamp was shedding its flickering light, swearing that she had won elevenpence sterling.

"Sixpence left, by G—!" said the player to an intoxicated Irish butcher who came along with a cleaver on his shoulder; "Come, Barney, give us a bid on the six."

"Done, by Jasus," said the Hibernian, as he flung down his instrument—"Honor bright, by St. Patrick; win or lose."

He laid down money—the player shook his little box of dice, and thrust it violently down—he lifted the box; sixes were turned, and the Irishman had won.

"Give me my change," said Barney; "I'll have some of Hugh Mullin's gin this night—come, I'm off to the dock."

The player refused. An altercation ensued; bitter words led to blows; and at last with a dexterous and violent stroke of his clenched fist, the player levelled his antagonist to the earth.

Boiling with rage, he recovered himself from his fall; he snatched his cleaver from the ground, and brandishing it aloft, it fell with a giant's strength upon the player's head. I heard his fearful shriek of murder!—I saw the warm blood bubbling through his greasy hat, over his hands, as his drooping head sunk upon the table. Horror-struck I turned from the spot, and retraced my steps, my limbs almost refusing to support me. A watchman who conducted me weary and faint to my hotel, bawled one o'clock as he bade me good morning.

Anxiety and confusion left me but little time the next morning, to think of that horrid catastrophe. The ship was moving out from among the multitude of sails in the Prince's Dock; at noon she was in the bay, and I was on board. I descended to the cabin, and taking up one of the morning papers from the city, I glanced hastily over its contents. My surprise and regret on reading the follow-

ing paragraph, may be conceived but cannot be expressed.

"POLICE.—SEPT. 6, 182—

A melancholy occurrence took place last evening in that den of thieves and corruption, the *Play-house Square*. A quarrel originated at a dice-table, between the owner of the board, and Barney, an Irish butcher, whose abandoned habits are too well known about the square and its purlieus, which resulted in the murder of the former. He expired instantly. No clue can be found to the name or connexions of the deceased. A woman of loose character at whose house he lodged, stated that he came from London about three months since; that he was an American, and said "he had left a fortune in London which he won easy and lost as soon." No articles were found in his possession, save a lock of brown silken hair, enclosed in a piece of fine blue paper, on which was written, "FOR ANGELO HAMMOND;—from A. G——." The flower forget-me-not was also beautifully painted on the envelope. The murderer was tracked by the city constables to a steam-packet, which left town at daylight, from Queen's Dock, for Dublin."

"Great God!" I exclaimed, as the whole scene of the past evening crowded upon my mind in bitter relief against the memory of my youthful friend—"Wretched Angelo! once alive, pure-hearted, rich and respected—now, thy memory tarnished, and thy spirit—in eternity!"

Reader, my tale is nearly told. When I returned, Adela Graham was no more. Poor girl! she died of a broken heart.—Hope, deferred and blasted—love, powerful and unsubdued, bowed her gentle form into an early grave. I have mingled my sigh for her fate with the night-wind which moaned over her grassy tomb; and amidst the success of business, and the smile which a kind Providence has showered upon me, the thought of that fatal error comes like a cloud over my spirit, and when I would be sad I think of it.—Would to Heaven its recital might restrain some misguided youth who is taking his first step in vice; that he might mark the misery which clusters around his path, and take to himself the admonition of the wise man:—"Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and flee away."

PEYTON.

#### A TRUE FISH STORY.

The Free Press, Brunswick, Me. gives an animated account of an attack upon a shoal of Black Fish, 70 or 90 in number, which were discovered early on Monday morning the 5th inst. near Harpswell, Ne. The inhabitants of that place and vicinity turned out, with muskets, harpoons, axes &c. and had rare sport. They had killed several, when a council of war was held, and a more scientific mode of attack was devised. This was to drive the flock into a narrow cove, on Orr's island, where the tide would shortly leave them. Ten or twelve boats flanked the squad, and the main body cut off their retreat in the direction of the sea—Capt. John Curtis, of Harpswell, caused his barge to be rowed along side of the largest of the dolphins, himself standing, with one foot braced on the bows of his boat, and the other on the back of his antagonist. He had taken this position, to make the attempt of splitting open the head of the fish; but the boat veering in its course placed him in the dilemma of either falling into the water, or springing upon the fish's back. He adopted the latter alternative, and the

whole company saw the gallant captain, riding off astride, on the back of the dolphin. A full quarter of a mile was he borne along by this new and extraordinary mode of navigation, before he alighted in safety. The speed with which the captain was carried through the air, would have mocked the swiftness of the far famed *Benjamin Franklin*, or of any other steamer which ever floated upon the water. Capt. Curtis did not, however, like *Arion*, entertain his dolphin with "harmonious strains" of godlike music; he was constantly inflicting blows with his axe, deeply into the monster's blubber.

At the basin, the remaining population of the island had collected to witness this unprecedented and astonishing spectacle, and the shouts of merriment made the welkin ring again.

"The fish below swam to and fro,

Attack'd on every quarter;

"Whysure," tho't they, "the devil's to pay,

Mongst folks above water."

As the tide ebbed away, the dolphins, in all their movements began to drag more or less heavily through the mud, and it became advisable, to find, if possible, some more expedient mode of destroying them. A long knife, it was found, plunged in the direction of the great blood vessels, soon exhausted the fountain of its purple stream, and so great were the torrents of blood thus shed, that the water for sixty rods was a deep crimson color—but all of them was not so easily to be despatched. One young man, who had long been engaged unsuccessfully with one of the largest sized dolphins, at length got him entangled in a rope and as he was partly dragging himself through the mud, he dexterously coiled it round a tall cedar, which held him fast. Another imitating the example of Capt Curtis, sprang upon the back of his antagonist, and with the design of strangling him, ran his fist into his spiracle, or breathing hole, which is situated on the back and just at the base of his skull; but he had scarcely got it planted there, before a blast from the lungs of the monster ejected it so suddenly and forcibly, that he believed until he had twice looked to assure himself to the contrary, that his fist had actually flown off the handle; he lost his presence of mind, and fell into the water, which was but four or five feet deep, however, and thus enabled him to raise his own spiracle above the surface of the water, so that he experienced no other inconvenience from the accident, but getting a thorough wetting. Before sunset all the fish were despatched. It was truly a day of blood and carnage, and it is remarkable that not a single individual was injured.

This fish, is said to be a species of the Dolphin. The late S. E. gales probably drove them into these moorings, which proved any thing but hospitable to those tenants of the deep. It is thought that about 75 barrels of oil might be made from them, worth 700 to 1000 dollars. One of the Dolphins had a harpoon in his carcase, which appeared to have been there a great length of time. The law of the chase was that every one should have what he could kill, or catch and secure.

Intelligence and animated discourse eminently exalt the dignity, and multiply the charms of every female that can excell in them.

Some folks, to gain immortal fame,  
Will write a monstrous volume;  
I write four lines—and who can blame?  
Just to fill out this column.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## THE BURNING ALIVE.

If you have ever travelled up through Montgomery County, you may remember the village of Hatborough, in old times called the *Billett*. 'Tis a pleasant little place—contains a mill, an academy, a library, two taverns, and about fifty houses. There are some ancient revolutioners still living there, most of whom remember the "Burning Alive," and who will cheerfully tell it to you, if they think you really want to hear the story. I have listened many an evening to their long-drawn, but interesting tales about the olden time—for many of them acted a conspicuous part in memorable times long past, which are read of in history, and which, thank heaven, are never to be acted over in America.

Lacey was a noble Bucks county farmer—a Quaker by profession. He was young, warm, enterprising, and determined, when the tempest of the Revolution burst upon the colonies. Congress made him a captain, and he raised a company—he served in many arduous enterprises, and in all, behaved well. They presently made him a general before he was seven and twenty! The Quakers disowned him—for bearing arms was contrary to their law. In '88, he was stationed on Edge Hill, just below the Billett, with a small body of men, looking out for Tories carrying produce into Philadelphia, to the British. His surviving soldiers tell me that many is the string of sausages that they ferreted from under the petticoats of the farmer's wives, on their way to town. Many the secret letter they have found lapped up in their hair, and many the drove of pigs and cattle they have stopped and sent off to head quarters, to cheer the spirits of the starving army.

Edge Hill is a good two miles below the Billett, and the road even now is nothing to speak of for goodness—it must have been rough and ragged in the times I mention. Lacey was encamped upon the Hill. The guards had been set at night-fall, and all was done that could on his part, ensure a quiet night. But the negligence of a subaltern ruined them. The enemy came on them out of Philadelphia, in a formidable body, and the surprise was complete. They surrounded and hemmed in the little band of Lacey, who stood to their arms while hope remained to cheer them. But numbers were fast overcoming them. The word was given, and at one bold, decisive push, the troop had cut their way through all opposition, leaving six and twenty of their veteran comrades dead upon the field! Their legs were now their only hope. For two long miles they took their way across the fields—over hill and dale, through wood and stream, until they reached the Billett, worn out with fatigue upon the battle-field, and faint and sinking under their harassing chase. But the enemy still pursued. The wounded, some of whom had crawled as far as the village, could go no farther, and crept into the neighboring barns to die upon the straw! But the sequel—

shall I tell it? Will the world believe it? The enemy—I mean Col. Abercrombie, ordered the torch to be put to the straw, and the wounded burnt alive! Horror chills me while I write it! But it was done! They were burnt alive! In one barn a dozen had concealed themselves—a noise was heard at the door—they were famishing for a single glass of water—they called aloud for it, for they were too faint to raise their heads.—In reply to their entreaties, the torch was applied to the straw beneath them, the door barricaded on the out-side, and they left alone to perish! They *did* perish. Does the savage Abercrombie yet live? Does he yet breathe the air of that world which he refused to suffer even dying soldiers to breathe? If he does, the deed unhallowed should be trumpeted into his ears from every living mouth:—if he too sleeps the sleep of death, why, let him sleep—Eternal infamy will wreath her night-shade on his grave—for he is a murderer.

Go up into the Hill, where the road turns off to the left to Norristown, and you may stumble upon a rusty firelock, a bayonet, or a sword rusting upon the battle field beneath the dews of Heaven. The spot is sacred to the ashes of the heroes who repose beneath the turf. The ploughshare has been passed for thirty summers over their promiscuous graves, and levelled them from observation. But the sod that shelters them is consecrated by the blessings of a nation, glorying in the bravery of their departed fathers. Go farther on and tarry but an hour at the Billett. The dead receive their honors—but ask the living actors in that rueful fight—those blood-spilling patriarchs of a poverty-stricken freedom, what they receive for all their days of danger and their nights of toil—and they will tell you—*nothing!* *Is a story.* M.

Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence.—You may consult her, for she is able to devise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won: it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion.

*John Randolph.*—During some period of Mr. Randolph's political career, he had the ill fortune to offend a coxcombish young fellow, who determined to avenge himself by insulting the Roanoke Orator on the first opportunity that occurred. At length the opportunity presented itself, when the young sprig, meeting Randolph on the pavement, walked up to him and impudently said "I never give the way to a d—n—d rascal." Mr. Randolph immediately pulling off his hat and making the gentleman a low bow, replied, "Well, sir, I always do;" and gave him the pavement.

The other day, a gentleman who was looking at Mr. T. Woodward's admirable painting of Mr. Parker, on *Coroner*, with the hounds, asked why the horse was called *Coroner*? It was replied, "because he's always in at the death."

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1.

*Beware.*—A few days ago a very fashionably dressed lady called at the editor's house, and enquired for his wife. On being told that she was not at home, she said she came for a silk dress belonging to Mrs. M. who had sent her for it, in order to have one made after the same pattern. She called herself Mrs. Williams, and represented herself to be an intimate friend of the family—but the housekeeper, not liking the appearance of this Mrs. Williams, requested her to call again—on which she enquired where the lady of the house had gone. She was told, and immediately replied that she knew where it was, and would go and see her, and return directly. She went off, and in a few minutes came back, stating she had seen Mrs. M., who desired the dress might be given her immediately. But the housekeeper still refused, and told her to call in the evening, when the lady whose dress she wanted would be at home. She took good care, however, to make herself scarce, and has not since been heard of. Our fellow citizens are advised to be on the lookout; as it is believed there are several jades about town on the same errand.

*Robberies.*—Two ladies were robbed of their reticules on Saturday last, while walking in the South Second street market. They were cut from the holders' arms.

The store of Messrs. Stevenson and Hart, north Third Street, was broken open on the night of the 18th inst. and robbed of merchandise of various kinds, to the amount of eight hundred dollars. One hundred dollars reward is offered for the detection of the robbers and recovery of the goods.

An important decision has recently been made by Judge King, respecting insolvent's petitions.—It has usually been the practice, in case of any informality in the petition, to send the applicant back to jail till the next term; thus cruelly subjecting him to three months' imprisonment for a fault for which his lawyer only ought to suffer.—Judge King has decided that this shall not be the course for the future; but that the petition shall merely lay over till the next term, then to be amended. The decision has given very general satisfaction.

Commodore Porter is now at Vera Cruz, waiting the result of the elections, to decide whether he stays or returns.

*Sunday Travelling.*—The attempt recently made in this city to put a stop to Sunday travelling, has been effectually frowned down by the people. Not so in New York. The Pioneer line of stages, with pious proprietors, pious drivers, and pious horses, is still endeavoring to break up all the old established lines, to the ruin of their proprietors, and the inconvenience of the public.

We received last week through the post-office, a copy of a pamphlet dated Utica, containing a statement of proceedings which occurred in that place, on the recent attempt of a travelling preacher to establish a society, to be auxiliary to the General Union for the observance of the Sabbath. The following are extracts from the pamphlet:—

"On the first Sunday of August, the Rev. Mr. Wisner of Ithica, presented himself to the citizens of Utica, as an agent of the Society called 'The General Union for promoting the observance of the sabbath.'" He preached two sermons on that subject in the church of the first Presbyterian Society, in which, among other things, he stated that the affairs of the Church and of religion in this country were at present in a very low, unsafe, and despised condition, compared with what they ought to be, and must be before the blessing of God could be expected



upon our state and nation. He reprobated in strong terms the rulers in both our national and state Governments, in all their branches, because they did not even affect to frame their measures or adopt any of their acts in reference to the glory of God or the interest and exaltation of the Church; that no man, in either our state or national Legislature, would now dare to rise up and either advocate or oppose any measure, there pending, from a consideration of its bearing upon the glory of God and the interests of His Church—since he would thereby become a subject of ridicule and reproach. That the time must come when all our public measures must be taken in coincidence with the Church, and in primary reference to her character and prosperity. He spoke with much approbation of the period when, in the days of our Puritan forefathers, the leading members and elders of the Church had a preponderating influence in the affairs of the State. In immediate reference to the late associations for enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, he stated, among other things, that those who had embarked in them were resolved, in spite of every obstacle, to persevere until their object was accomplished, at the expense of their property, and, *if necessary, of their lives*. That the principal which they had adopted must be extended and carried into all the business and relations of life, and that above all **THEY MUST BE CARRIED TO THE POLLS**, until such only as feared God and respected the cause of the Church were in possession of our public offices.—That the two opposing armies, in the war which was to be carried on, on these great questions, were now arrayed, and the great battle was soon to be fought.

This is a brief, but it is believed, faithful sketch of the leading sentiments held forth in his two discourses: At the close of which he notified a public meeting of the citizens to be held at the Church on Monday evening, for the purpose of organizing a Society auxiliary to the General Society for promoting the observance of the Sabbath.

At the appointed hour a large number, comprising many of the old and respectable citizens, attended, when they were addressed by Mr. Wisner and a printed constitution laid before them, by him, for their consideration. No objection was made to any portion of this constitution except that part of the 6th article containing the pledge of the members to patronize only such lines of boats, stages, and other conveyances, which were not *suffered* to be run at all on the Sabbath. To this, strong objections were made, and much discussion ensued, principally between Mr. Wisner and a transient Englishman, then in the village, on the one side, and a number of gentlemen and citizens on the other. It soon became evident that there was a large majority in the meeting for striking out this obnoxious part of the article. Mr. Wisner declared that it must be adopted as it stood, if at all, or it would be of no use, as it would be inconsistent with the corresponding article of the General Union,—and in reply to the several gentlemen, who had very decorously stated their objections to it, said, in a very warm and uncourteous manner, that “if what he had heard there that evening, was a fair specimen of the principles and feelings of Utica, *he thanked God, or desired to be thankful, that he was not an inhabitant of it.*” Upon this he was applauded, or understood to be applauded, by the clapping of some, which was followed by the hissing of others, and

a scene of some confusion ensued. After which Mr. Wisner declined giving any further explanations, although desired so to do, saying, *that it was an assembly of a character which it did not become him to address.* At the earnest and repeated request of Mr. Wisner's friends, the meeting was, about 10 o'clock, adjourned without day.”

Mr. Wisner subsequently procured a number of persons to sign the constitution as it stood, without alteration or discussion. On the next Tuesday, a meeting was assembled, in which spirited resolutions were adopted, protesting against the right of any set of men prescribing to them the way in which they should or should not spend their Sabbath.

### LITERARY.

Mr. E. Littell of this city, is about publishing a religious souvenir, called *The Remember Me*. It will be embellished with eight fine engravings, by our first artists, and be sold at a reasonable price.

We learn that William Leggett, Esq. author of *Leisure Hours at Sea*, as also of the *Prize Address*, written for the opening of the Bowery Theatre, New York, is about to publish a weekly paper entitled *The Critic*. Of this gentleman's talents as a poet, and qualifications as an editor, the public are already aware. He is also writing a Tragedy founded upon Roman history. The celebrated American actor, Mr. Forrest, is to personate the hero of the play, on its first presentation to the public.

*The Token*.—We have only had time to unfold the silken and rustling wings of this elegant annuary, and although our communion with it has been brief, we confess we have not come away dissatisfied with the interview, or unimproved by its visit. To say that it brings with it many beautiful pictures, both of the pencil and of the mind, would be but merited praise. The editor, N. P. Willis, Esq. has graced its pages with a fine, well-told tale, (*“The Ruse.”*) and one or two gifted and beautiful pieces of poetry: the remaining rhymes of his are about 80-90, and bear marks of haste, rather than a paucity of ideas.—There are to our taste some excellent thoughts in an effusion by the Rev. G. W. Doane—though we have seen far better from his pen; words that came from and reached the heart. Mrs. Sigourney—(she deserves the name of the American Mrs. Hemans; only let her share her wreath with Mrs. Hale) has poured out some pure thoughts in rich and chaste language, a *token* that her power has not departed, but has only been hidden for a season. Articles of prose and poetry by the two Mellens, (Francis and Grenville) do high credit to the volume; they are indeed among the best and most beautiful—and the enterprising publisher, S. G. Goodrich, Esq. is the author of some articles, both poetry and prose, which give him a fair claim to a place with the first and best of his compeers. We were surprised to see a piece by Crosby, which we are reluctantly compelled to pronounce exceeding tame. Where is the feeling which dictated *“the Autumn Leaf”*? We know *“it is not dead, but sleepeth.”* We observed some pieces of *blank verse* in the volume, which are palpable imitations of the manner and style of the editor. There are some whose reputation, although it is circumscribed and short-lived, is based alone on aping his mode, without any of his merit; and some have endeavoured to make amends for their injustice by gross flattery, which their original, did he know the motive, would by no means covet. It is a sordid way of literary larceny; as words, expression, and manner, can be easily filched, when the barren plagiarist has not a stray idea in his head. The dullness of nature may be excused; but the motive which prompts a man to exchange his own servile flattery for the

sake of using another's beautiful expressions and peculiarities with impunity, is the lowest of all possible motives; and the possessor never fails to reach in time his own *dead flat*. It might be well if some of our *would-be* Willises would think of the proverb, “Every tub must stand on its own bottom.” It is a homely saying, but venerable and full of years; and although it is not poetry, yet, as Ben Jonson said, it is truth.

Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we should say that there was too much poetry, of a similar *caste*, in the work; and that the prose articles, so sparsely disposed through its pages, are so good as to make us wish for more, in place of indifferent poetry. Of the engravings, we had intended to speak particularly; but we have only room to say that they are superbly executed. It is to be remembered that the editor has divided his attention between the *Token* and the *Legendary*;—and yet he has rendered it in all respects equal to the *Souvenir*, promulgated in our city.

*Nicety of the Law*.—Under this head, several papers have noticed, with apparent surprise, an acquittal of a man in N. York, in consequence of a mistake in the prosecuting attorney, who substituted *male* for *female* in the declaration, charging the defendant as the father of an illegitimate child. The Law books contain many cases of this kind, which are much more striking. For instance; it has been decided, that an indictment for stealing *two turkeys*, could not be supported by evidence that the prisoner had stolen two *dead turkeys*. So a man who was indicted for stealing a *pair* of stockings, was acquitted because it was proved the stockings were *odd ones*. Another was acquitted for stealing a *duck*, because the stolen bird turned out to be a *drake*. Stealing the skin of a dog is larceny, but stealing a live dog, which is the skin and something else, is no larceny; dogs being considered in law of a base nature, and not subject to larceny.

### FOR THE ARIEL.

#### LINES,

On the Death of the Hon. John G. Clarke, late Chancellor of the state of Mississippi.

He left the fair elime where his forefathers sleep,  
In the pride of his youthful glory;  
But he died in a land will eternally keep  
His memory enshrined in her story.

He droop'd not—he pin'd not—but suddenly fell,  
With none that he dearly priz'd near him;  
For she little dream'd whom he long lov'd so well,  
That he needed her then to cheer him.

He fell, darkly fell, in the noon of his bliss,  
With a vista of pleasure before him,—  
While the purest of joys were found in the kiss  
Of those pledges of love that hung o'er him.

He sleeps far away from the land of his birth,  
And far from the home of his childhood;  
Yet what does he seek that this lone spot of earth  
Must cover his bones in the wildwood.

What tho' no lichen may creep o'er the stone,  
That marks the green spot where he's sleeping,  
Nor ever a snow wreath around him be strown,  
Nor willow in mockery weeping.

Yet soft on the breezes that sigh o'er his grave,  
In this land of the “cypress and myrtle,”  
Where the bay and the holly perennial wave,  
In green o'er the haunt of the turtle.

Here the gray moss waves mournfully over his head,  
To curtain the spot where he slumbers—  
And for lullaby, ay, ‘till the twilight hath fled,  
The mocking-bird pours her wild numbers.

Here, roses unfading, undying shall bloom,  
‘Till their hues e'en the grave shall borrow;  
And beauty, and love, long weep o'er his tomb,  
With thoughts of the bitterest sorrow.

ALBERTUS.

Mount Solus, Mi. Oct. 19th.

## MY GREEN TABLE.

The following beautiful and graphic lines are from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, Esq.—a gentleman who deservedly ranks among the first of American poets. It is a striking characteristic of the writing of this gentleman, that he is true and original in his delineations. Avoiding the worn and beaten track of sentiment alone, he has chosen a newer and more serene path. There is, too, such pure moral beauty mingled with his poetry, that no one who has feeling and discernment, can turn from his strain without some new idea of nature, or meeting with some holy and touching expression. The summer landscape seems almost to rise before the reader's eye—and the freshness and odour of spring, or the melancholy cadence of the Autumn wind, seems to breathe in his lay. The meed of men thus gifted, is received as they pass along—the thoroughfare of their existence is lit with the sunshine of their own placid thought, and the flowers which grace the ways of their pilgrimage, are of their own scattering.—Their own delicious perceptions impart a joy “which they can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal;” and while the spell is on them, their calm and holy emotions find vent in song.—Their reward is with them; and it is rich and lasting. Mr. Bryant is now one of the editors of the New York Evening Post, associated with the veteran William B. Coleman, Esq. and is toiling with gilded loins in the crowded arena of politics. It is known as an excellent print, of long and high standing, and sound principles. The interest which Mr. B. imparts to the paper is evinced by the many quotations which can be observed daily from its columns.

### DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,—  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the summer leaves lie dead—  
They rustle to the eddying-wind, and to the rabbit's tread:—  
The robin and the wren are flown; and from the shrubs, the Jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the bright, young flowers,  
That smiled beneath the feet,  
Of hues so passing beautiful, and breath so passing sweet?  
Alas! they all are in their graves—the lovely race,  
Of flowers,  
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair and good of ours.—  
The rain is falling on their graves;—but the chill November rain  
Calls not, from out the silent earth, the lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the Briar-rose and orchis died amid the Summer's glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the astor in the wood,  
And the yellow Sun-flower by the brook, in Autumn beauty stood—  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold Heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the blossom never smiled again by upland glade or glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days must come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee, from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho' all the leaves are still,  
And wrinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill:  
Then the south-wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the field, and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in his youthful beauty died,—  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and faded, by my side;—

In the cold, moist earth, we laid her, when the tempest east the leaf—

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:—

Yet not unmet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,—

So buoyant and so beautiful, should perish like the flowers.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

### REBELLION IN THE STATE PRISON.

A more impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen, than that which was witnessed by the officers of our State Prison in the great rebellion which occurred about five years since. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at mid-day, communicating with the great dining-hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street. The dining hall is long and damp, from its situation near the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments in society, forming a congregation of strength, villainess and talent, that can hardly be equalled on earth, even among the feigned brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motly and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow upon their comrades. The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the Prison, were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences, likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news spread rapidly through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable tempered and the mildest man in government, was in this hour of peril the firmest. He instantly despatched a request to Major Wainwright, commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, he had no fear, and in case of danger, arms would do him no service:—and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall to hold a parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible, the rules of the prison must be effected, and they must submit. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the other end of the

hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement:—that excitement, too, was of the most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations but was seen only in the dark looks and strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the utter hopelessness of escape, that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the Prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away should be forgiven for this offence; but that if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison. They replied that they expected some would be killed; that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared that not a man should leave the hall till the flogging was remitted. At this period of discussion, their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who stood still firmer.

Just at this moment and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines whose presence alone he relied on for succour, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew it was his only time for escape before a conflict for life became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world. He stepped slowly backward, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of fire arms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Right was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser and nobler course relying on the effect which firm determination would have upon men, so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage and formed at the end of the hall opposite the crowd of criminals huddled together at the other. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit the hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Right ordered his marines to load their pieces, and that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullets which he afterwards put in his gun. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their numbers would permit them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines, after the first discharge, and before the pieces could be reloaded. Again they were or-



dered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible—their guns were presented—but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon. Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly at the muzzle of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders: then turning to the prisoners, he said, "you must leave this hall—I shall give you three minutes to decide, at the end of that, if a man remains he shall be shot dead." No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in creation, waiting the assault—at the other a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and imposing commander, holding his watch, to count the lapse of three minutes, given as a reprieve to the lives of numbers. No poet or painter can conceive a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity—no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense. For two minutes not a person or muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the infuriated wretches as they began to pant, between fear and revenge—at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death, with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear and nearest to the farther entrance went slowly out—a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately, and before half of the last minute had gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit, and the hall was cleared as if by magic. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

We heard this related sometime since by an eye witness, and though some little particulars may not be in exact accordance with the fact, owing to the treachery of memory, yet we know, that all the important points of the affair are correctly stated. It affords a useful example to others similarly situated in the government of Prisons.

**AUTUMN.**—Passing rapidly along the current of time, we are almost imperceptibly surrounded with the fading beauties of the past summer, and discover, at once, the triumphant return of AUTUMN. The voice of nature is heard proclaiming to man, that she has again nearly accomplished the work of a bounteous providence, in the abundant harvests which fill the valleys, and crown the hills—with those attendant blessings which always make the return of Autumn a season of peculiar gratitude as well as serious meditation.

There is a striking analogy between the changing events of human life. In no season of the year are we more forcibly

reminded of these, than in Autumn, when we behold lying thick around us the faded laurels of departed Summer. Nature seems to pause and mourn while she views from her lofty throne, the great mighty change in this her universal empire. How short the period since Spring was with us in its youthful loveliness, filling our bosoms with hope and expectation, and making our hearts glad and joyful! But Spring has fled, and with it all its promised happiness. The Summer too has passed. Yes, although it come to us with all the candor and seriousness of manhood, and bade us fix our hopes and affections on the enchanting objects around us, and led us by the hand through those regions where fancy delights to rove, and imagination soars with her outstretched wings, yet the very moment our hopes were strongest, our fancy most delighted, and our imagination towering highest, Summer left us to grope our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

I hail the autumn, as a sympathizing sister to the disappointment and short lived glories of frail man. It is at thy approach, pale and emaciated as thou art, that man loves to retire enwrapped in the folds of thy faded mantle, to the shades of solitude, and within her sacred portals, take a retrospective view over all the past.

**A portrait of O'Connell, the great Irish Liberator.**—He is a tall man, of gentlemanly appearance, somewhat inclined to stoop, and, as I thought, betwixt fifty and sixty years of age. His face is pleasing, I would almost say handsome: and his oratory is of a fluent, easy, confident sort, which bespeaks in him a perfect consciousness of his own powers, and creates in his auditors a feeling that they are listening to a man of talent and a gentleman. O'Connell may err—Irish enthusiasm may carry, as it has already, in many instances, carried him too far, but he is not to be sneered at, nor one who is to be regarded as nothing more than a violent declaimer. Let any one see him and hear him in the Four Courts, and in the Associate rooms, as I have heard him, and he will confess that O'Connell is a talented man, as well as an elegant orator, ingenious, and imaginative, and gifted with the extraordinary tact of suiting his efforts in an instant to the feelings and intelligence of his auditory. It was such a man that took his seat in the decorated chair at Ennis, and it is such a man that now directs the energies of the Catholic population of Ireland.

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

An Englishman lately deceased, has left 166,800 to be divided among his parish schoolmasters. Green, the English Aeronaut, has ascended 99 times in a balloon.

The Dengue is raging in the British possessions to the north, and among the Indians to the South.

Two vessels cleared at Boston last week, for the South, with 1100 bales of domestic goods.

The Buenos Ayrenn squadron is laying off our coast, recruiting for hands.

The American Bible Society received 5400 dollars during the month of August last.

The Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Pennsylvania University is worth 25,000 dollars a year.

Mr. Green, noticed above, lately ascended on horseback, the horse being attached to the balloon.

A steam engine is employed in London in washing and grinding coffee!

The cotton crop in Alabama will be much shorter this year than it has been for several years previous. The Huntsville Advocate says that this is ascertained by accounts from every part of the state.

David Scott, a British subject, seaman on board the Cato, from Savannah, was recently convicted at Liverpool, of smuggling tobacco, and sentenced to five years' service in the British Navy.

**Epitaph on Mr. Strange.**—Here lies an honest lawyer—and that's Strange.

Of the 38 members of the Senate of Kentucky, 19 are Jackson men, and 18 are Adams men, and the election for one district is contested; it not being decided whether the Jackson or the Adams candidate is chosen. In the House of Representatives, the whole number of members is one hundred, of whom 54 are friendly to Jackson, 43 in favor of Adams, and three whose opinions are not ascertained.

The harvest has proved so short in Upper Canada, that the Lieut. Governor is about to prohibit distillation from grain.

A man named Rooke was killed in Pittsburg, Pa. recently, by the caving of a sand bank, near which he was digging.

The Cherokee Phoenix states that Wesley Jones, while on his way home from Pine Log, was bitten by a rattle-snake and died the same day.—He had been to a blacksmith's shop while there his horse left him, and he was obliged to walk, which occasioned his early death.

David Goodrick, of Glastenbury, Conn. while wrestling with another young man, was thrown in such a manner as to break the spine of his neck, which caused his death on the day following.

Mr. Sparks continues to receive every facility in examining the British archives for documents and facts connected with the history of Washington.

**A hard one.**—In Norfolk, Va. a snake stone is advertised for sale, possessing the property of attracting the poison arising from the bite of a snake or mad dog, owned by James Cotton, a man of color, residing in the neighboring county of Princess Anne.

The king of Prussia has caused the sum of about \$220 to be paid to assist in erecting the French Evangelical Church in New Orleans. The money has been received in New York.

David Wilkinson, Esq. of Pawtucket, R. I. has given a lot of 125 square feet of land, pleasantly situated in the western part of that village, for the site of a Roman Catholic Chapel, which is to be built forthwith.

The Miner's Journal mentions that boats are much wanted to bring down the coal, as it accumulates upon the landing at Pottsville.

Jacob Levy, and Jacob Cline, were lately thrown from a wagon near Mount Carbon, and much injured. The former had his thigh badly fractured.

The Directors of the Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland Steam Navigation Company, have purchased the two steam boats Philadelphia and Norfolk, with a view of placing them in their proposed line between this city and Baltimore.

It is said that M. Cheverus, formerly Catholic Bishop of Boston, now Archbishop of Bordeaux, has received a Cardinal's hat.

A Watch Crystal manufactory has been established at Pittsburg, by Messrs. O'Leary, Buck & Smith.

The Synod of Pittsburg is now in session.

Mr. Thomas Warren, of Fredonia, Chautauque county, has in operation, a "patent machine for setting up hat bodies," and it is said he can manufacture a hat body in one minute!

We learn from the Albany Chronicle, that on Tuesday last they had several inches of snow in Oneida county, and elsewhere at the northwest.

An account is given in the Norwich, Ct. paper, of cloth woven by the Thames Manufacturing company's mill, including the number of yards completed by three young women in six days, amounting to 3,303, or an average of 183 1-2 yards per day by each of the girls. One of them wove 1,193, or 197 per day. It is stated to be nothing strange in that mill.

One of the fashionable topics of conversation in Maine, is the topic of intemperance. It is said the young ladies are quite eloquent in deprecating its results. They are right too.

A great reformation is taking place in Maine.—In the length of 250 miles, none calls for rum or whiskey. The general call is for "a glass of lemonade"—"a glass of spruce beer"—"a glass of water."

The hardest grapple on earth is that which obtains between pride and poverty; and the man who has become the disputed province of these two belligerents, is a stranger to repose and happiness.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

His had been a life of sorrow; the arrow of affliction had wounded, the shaft of misfortune had bowed, his haughty spirit—and he was now a Christian. Calm and resigned he lay upon the bed of death. At peace with all the world and with his own conscience, he was prepared to yield to the mandate of the Most High, that spirit which had become pure through faith and good works. His children stood around him. They marked the composure and tranquillity that shone on his hallowed countenance, and saw with what resignation and serenity a christian can depart. Not a sigh nor a groan broke from his lips; but at intervals a convulsive sob was wrung from the mourning relatives as they watched the couch of death, and uttered the silent prayer, deep and impressive, as if angels supplicated at the throne of grace.

"Weep not for me, but rather weep for him who is an alien to his God," was the exhortation of the dying man. "There is joy beyond the grave, there is happiness in reserve, for the truly dedicated followers of Christ; but, oh! what is the reward of sin and transgression but bitterness of heart, and sorrow to the close of life!" when the words of the venerable parent sunk into an indistinct articulation, as he fervently prayed for the return of his first born to the bosom of his Creator.

Sighs, and half stifled sobs, wafted the supplication of the father to the ear of the Almighty—and his prayer was answered. The sinner returned to receive the benediction of the departing saint. His conscience had revolted—and he now knelt at the bed side of him he had forsaken in the hour of adversity. "May Heaven forgive thee, as I this day forgive thee! May peace be with thee and with thine! and oh! may thy God be as merciful to thee as he has been to me!" He ceased: and the spirit of the righteous ascended on high. A.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

## BANDITTI ROUTED.

A gentleman residing upon Broad Creek in this county, about three miles from town, having a few days since, given an intimation to Capt. J. N. Gibbons, Inspector of this Borough, that a number of Run-away Negroes were concealed in a covert in the woods of that neighborhood, whence they sallied forth during the night, and committed depredations upon the corn-fields, potatoe-patches, hog-pens, &c. of the farmer in the vicinity, he determined to explore their haunts and bring them to justice. Accordingly, yesterday morning, attended by several of our police officers, among whom was the Messrs. Cherry, Guy, and three others, Capt. Gibbons proceeded to the suspected place, and dividing his party into squads, diligently examined the access to the woods. The squad composed of Mr. Guy and Mr. Demerenville, upon arriving at the extreme end of Nimmo's Point, discovered the ends of two pieces of scantling projecting out of the ground, at the top of a bank several feet above the level of the Beach, which was thickly covered with leaves.—Upon striking the bank with a

stick, the hollowness of the sound indicated the want of solidity, and upon closer examination, and removing the leaves, they discovered a scuttle or door, which evidently led to an apartment in the bank. This unexpected invasion of their retreat, aroused the tenants, who in a boisterous tone, forbade the entrance of their unwelcome visitors, upon pain of death, one of them fiercely brandishing a long knife to deter the officers from their purpose.

Mr. Guy presented his musket and threatened to fire upon the negro who had the knife, if he attempted resistance. The fellow then dropped the knife and seized a large piece of wood, reiterating his threats of violence if they persisted in entering. Unapprised of the number of inmates, Mr. Guy awaited the arrival of the whole party, for whom they had made a signal. The whole of the officers having come up, surrounded the entrance of the cave and demanded the immediate surrender of all the occupants. After many stout resolutions to resist to the last, and seeing them in the very act of firing, they very prudently determined to give themselves up, and both (for there were then only two tenants, to this subterraneous abode) were secured and conducted to the Borough Jail.

Upon entering the cave, they found quite a commodious apartment, regularly excavated in the bank, and prepared for an abode of some permanence, being ceiled within, and stored with fresh and salted pork, several bushels of potatoes, and corn, some green peppers and other articles of sustenance. The apartment was also furnished with some cooking utensils and cookery-ware, and two sleeping bunks. These were removed to a house in the neighborhood.

One of the negroes named *Jim*, is the property of Mr. Wm. S. Lacoste, of this town, who acknowledged he had been a tenant of this cave since March last.—The other had lived with Mr. Robert Saunders in Princess Anne county. They confessed that they had lived by pillaging the neighbours during the night, never venturing out in the day. It is believed they had other associates, but they would not admit it. Several female dresses were also found in the cave, which they confessed they had taken by force from the backs of women of color.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

An action was tried last week at the Exeter assizes, to recover the value of a book of prescriptions, 500 in number, which had been entrusted to a carrier by a druggist whose name was Quick, and lost by the defendant's negligence. It was valued at one hundred pounds, and the damages given were four pounds.—The doctor was not successful in Tiverton, where he practised, and lived near a church-yard, we suppose for convenience. Sam Rogers wrote the following on the subject:—

When Kitchener gave us a cookery-book,

Each dish he had tasted, he said:

If the druggist this plan with his recipes took,

Would he now be the *Quick* or the dead?

Sontag, the favorite singer, has been re-engaged for the Opera next season; and we are assured that, by one of the clauses of her agreement, the same is to be void, in case she marries a sovereign prince during the term of these articles!! This lady is indeed *mag-n-fique* in every thing. She had to play the heroine in the *Lady of the Lake* when Sir W. Scott was

in town: and she sent to him for instructions how to put on her tartan plaid. The good-humored baronet, as is told, replied, that if the application had come from a *man*, he should be glad to assist him in arranging his costume: but that he really durst not trust himself with the ticklish task of dressing so bonny a lassie!!

*Beauties of the Press.*—The Morning Herald of Tuesday, in making some remarks on the present posture of affairs in the east, says "that we could, by such holding (the Crimea,) have been a complete thorn in the sides of Austria, Russia and France." It must be a *complete thorn* indeed, to be sticking in three different places at the same moment.

An old Scotch woman, enveloped in a red cloak, having passed the border, happened to stray into an Episcopal place of worship at the moment that the reader was repeating from the Litany, the ejaculation of "Lord have mercy upon us."—Hearing this repeated twice or thrice by the reader and clerk, as she advanced up the aisle, the poor woman took deep offence, imagining that it was an expression of surprise at her appearance there. When it was repeated the third time, she could refrain no longer, but turning, with much contempt, to the speaker, cried out, "Ah Lord have mercy on you too! did you never see an auld wife with a red cloak about her before?"

*Human Life.*—When we set out on the jolly voyage of life, what a brave fleet there is around us, as stretching our fresh canvass to the breeze, "all ship shape and Bristol fashion," pennons flying, music playing, cheering each other as we pass, we are rather amused than alarmed when some awkward comrade goes ashore for want of pilotage. Alas! when the voyage is well spent, and we look about as toil-worn Mariners, how few of our ancient consorts still remain in sight, and they, how torn and wasted; and like ourselves, struggling to keep as long as possible, off the fatal shore, against which we are all finally drifting.

*Happiness.*—That all that are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousnesses. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Robt. Brown, of Utrecht. "A small drinking-glass and a large one," said he, "may be equally full, but a large one holds more than the small."

## A FREE OFFERING.

Said Harry to Maria fair,

"That book to me impart,"

Maria said, "the book is there,  
And your's with all my heart."

"Oh! keep it then," he quickly said,

"Nor say I'm selfish grown,

The book indeed I've often read,

Your heart I'll take alone!" TOM.

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